

MARYKNOLL

• THE FIELD AFAR •



November  1945



The Last Picture

This is the last picture ever taken of Maryknoll's Father William T. Cummings, whose obituary appears on page 9 in this issue. It was taken during the last days of Bataan, as he offered a Field Mass for the safety of American troops, whom he served as chaplain, and their Filipino comrades.

Preaching during such a Field Mass as this, Father Cummings first uttered those stirring words, "There are no atheists in foxholes" — words that were one day to ring around the world.

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The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

Address all communications:
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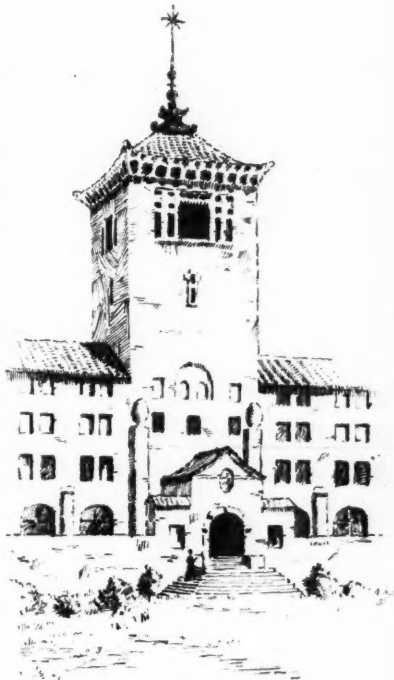
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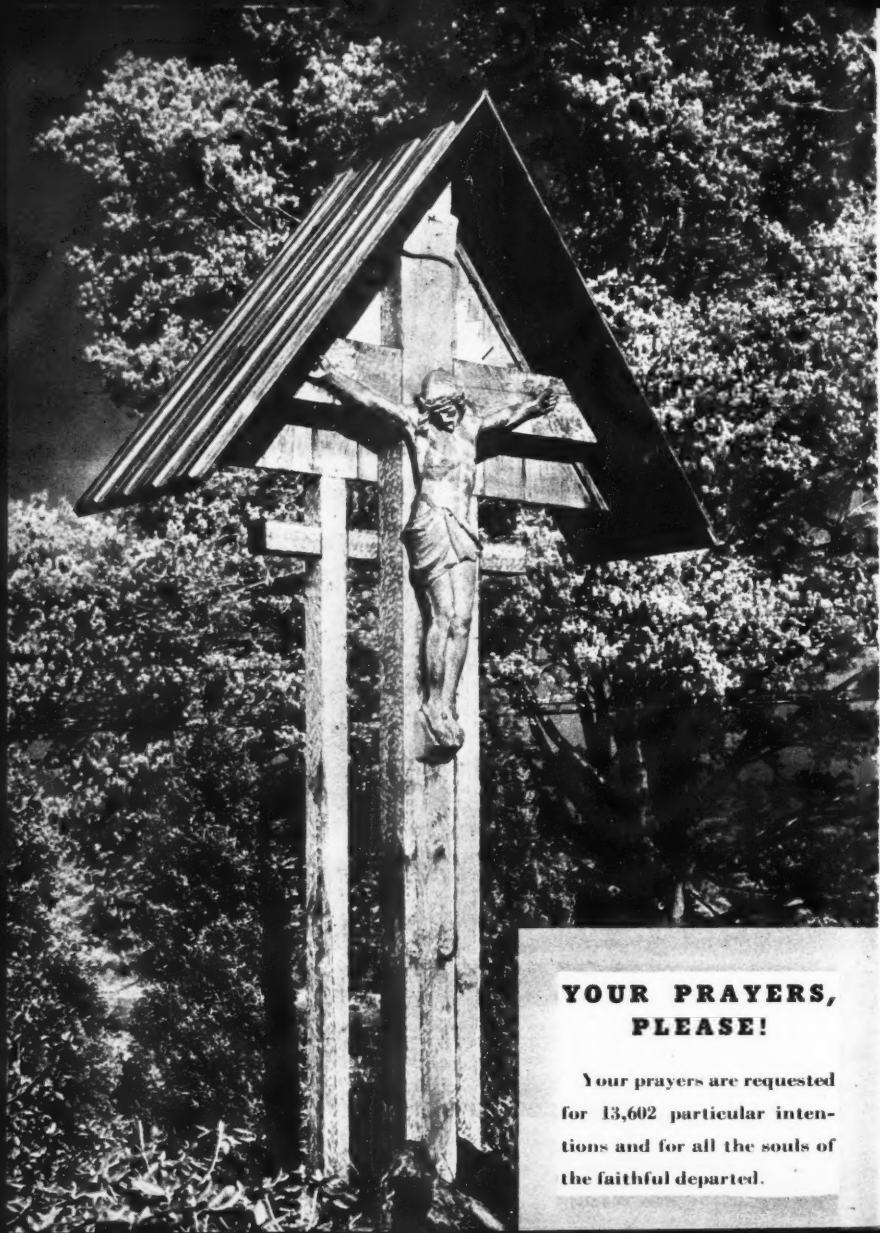


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**YOUR PRAYERS,
PLEASE!**

Your prayers are requested
for 13,602 particular inten-
tions and for all the souls of
the faithful departed.

Halfway House in Kunming

by JAMES F. SMITH

CASTING about in the vast emptiness of my mind for a suitable title for Maryknoll's Kunming establishment, the best that I find is "Halfway House." For this house is truly halfway to wherever the residents are going — either home, or to India, or back to their missions. A second choice would be "The House of Sighs," since the main indoor sport of our guests seems to be to lament their losses — missions, personal property, and so forth.

Not all is gloom, however, within these hallowed walls. Our common room is second only to the Grand Central Station as a meeting place for old, new, and future friends. For example, I met Father Winkels here for the first time, although we were both in the same mission region, and he had been in China over three years. A Passionist Father, who was our guest while awaiting transportation to India, met for the first time a fellow Passionist who had been on the same mission with him for six years.

Friendships Renewed

AMERICAN servicemen are frequent visitors. Many of them had become acquainted with Maryknoll or other missionaries somewhere in China, in the good old days when we still had forward bases, and now they call on us to renew the old friendships. Some drop in because they are sick and tired of walking the streets on their day off; and a few bridge fiends among them consider this their mecca, because they know that there are always some Padres in the house of an evening and a foursome can be arranged.

Luckily, we have a nice place in which

to receive the many callers. Our common room — which is a combination of recreation hall, dining room, and possible dormitory — is a very well appointed chamber. We take no credit for this, since the credit belongs to others. Originally this place was a Franciscan convent, and it therefore contained a small chapel besides the usual living quarters.

"Smoothy" Takes Half

AFTER the Sisters were evacuated, the house was taken over by a club — the Belgian-Sino Club, made up of returned students from Belgium and France. They developed the house according to their own needs, and in particular made the assembly room a very attractive spot in which to spend a pleasant evening.

When we were searching for a suitable place for the new Kunming Maryknoll center — and having tremendous difficulty, in this little city packed with people from all over China — the local ordinary, Bishop Alexander Derouineau, kindly offered us this place if the tenants could be persuaded to move. With the help of the Lord and a great deal of talk — and in spite, I suppose, of some hard feelings on the part of those being moved — the matter was nine parts completed. The tenth part, which is still incomplete, is one neighbor, known among the brethren as "Smoothy."

Our house is in the shape of a U. We occupy one side and the bottom of the U, but Smoothy still holds the other side. If we had been able to remove him and his household, it would have given us complete privacy and more living space. But he had more influence in these parts than we had,

and so he remains. He erected a wall on his side of the common courtyard, to give us the privacy we demanded. However, although we no longer see him and his friends, we are constantly reminded of their presence by the wailing of his fiddle and the inharmonious singing that accompanies it.

Those guests who make a fetish of privacy are rudely brought back to earth when they see their quarters in this Maryknoll house. Of private bedrooms we have a total of one, which is the sanctum sanctorum of the superior. As it is the only room with a lock, its limited space is used for anything that is valuable. That makes the room a combination larder, wardrobe, treasury, and storehouse for all kinds of odds and ends. Other members of our household live in a large dormitory on double-decker beds. Stout men are given the lower bunks,

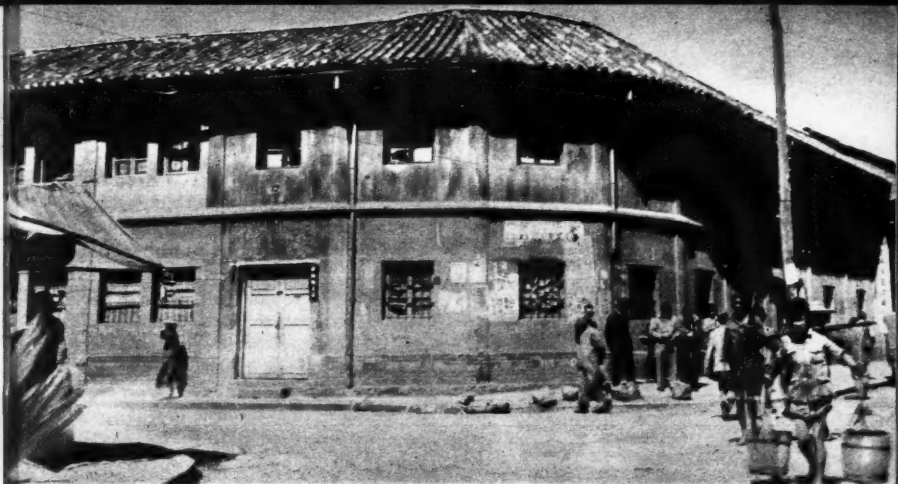
while those who have kept lean throughout the years pay for it by having to climb to the second tier when Morpheus beckons their tired frames.

Our cook is really a gem and, like one, glistens only in the light. That he can cook, and do a good job of it, we must all admit, but those of us who have direct dealings with him have found that he takes his job too seriously. He is of the prima donna type, and a bit of complaint drives him crazy. While he was living a normal life, his work was good, and complaints were far and few between; but after his wife ran away from him, he began to slip, and it showed in his culinary efforts.

At present, he is distracted for a new reason: he is dickering for a new wife. We have had a steady stream of prospective mothers-in-law sitting it out in the warmth

Bishop Walsh, Theater Chaplain McNamara, and friends at Halfway House





Kunming, boom city of our AAF, halfway stop between India and Chungking

of the kitchen — and all of them with a maternal eye on the salary the cook was getting from the foreigners. When questioned about his first visitors, he answered that they were his sisters from the country. But no man could have so many sisters as came eventually; and upon our pressing the point, he broke down and admitted the truth. We were obliged to inform him that, all things considered, he could no longer have the honor of keeping us fed.

News of the new Maryknoll house in Kunming has gone abroad, and it seems that all the missions know of us now. One Belgian Padre, who escaped a few moments before the Japanese reached his station, arrived with a letter addressed to "Maryknoll Refugee-Priest House." The house is truly that: we are having priests of many orders and congregations pass through on their way home, and every one of them is a refugee.

They arrive in the most outlandish costumes — mostly bits of G.I. clothing, which

they have picked up from kindhearted soldiers. I don't think that more than two of all the arrivals possessed a black suit, and even those were of the vintage of ten years ago and showed it. There ought to be a rush on the clerical-suit market when all those Padres reach home!

And so Maryknoll-in-Kunming carries on: open house for all comers; hostel and mission. I add the last because even here we are able to carry on missionary activity. The number of Cantonese- and English-speaking refugees in the city is very great, and we are able to have instruction classes for those interested. During the month, we prepared and baptized four people.

We were very glad that Bishop Walsh could stay with us for so long a time, and grateful for the help he gave us in setting up the house and getting it running smoothly. We hope that it will continue to be a halfway house, but in a different sense: a halfway point for those heading back to their missions, instead of away from them.



Sister Hyacinth Kunkel, of New York City

Vanished!

by SISTER MARY CARMENCITA

THIS heavy bombing continues. Baguio will be reduced to ashes in no time!" That was the mayor's opinion of the situation on the first of February, 1945.

Large groups from Manila and the provinces had fled to these mountains, thinking that Baguio would be the safest area in Luzon. It turned out to be one of the most dangerous spots, because the Japanese retreated there to hide in the thickly wooded hills.

Mrs. Acob, an Igorot friend, offered us her nipa hut in Tuba, about seven miles distant from our Baguio convent. Sister Hyacinth, Sister Una, and I lost no time in accepting her generous hospitality.

Below us, on the hill in Tuba, we found the Adoration Sisters. Two Dominican Fathers, whose house in Baguio was bombed, came later and occupied a neighboring hut. Our little convent was in the best condition, so it was chosen for the daily offering of the Holy Sacrifice.

First Scare

CITY-BOUND planes used to pass overhead constantly, but they gave us no cause for alarm. For some time, indeed, we felt quite secure in that little settlement. It was on the sixth of March that we got our first scare. Breakfast was barely over when a dozen bombers appeared suddenly, hovering rather low.

Providentially, our faithful Igorot boy from Baguio, Gregorio, had recently dug a hole for the storage of food, as there were rumors about looters in the neighborhood. After we saw the bombers, we immediately crawled into that hole! No sooner were we

inside than explosions, machine gunning, and all kinds of terrific noises made us sure that our last hour had come.

Some time later, between the bombings, one of the Adoration Sisters came over and begged us to go to the rescue of their Sisters. We ran to their hut and found four Sisters already dead and two dying; the remainder were safe in a shelter under the house. The story was that four Japanese soldiers were coming down the hill behind the convent-hut and were spotted by the American bombers; a projectile missed its target, exploded close to the hut, set fire to the kitchen, and killed the Sisters.

Seek Shelter in Caves

THE Fathers buried the victims in the hole made by the bomb. Realizing that the planes would return, the survivors ran into near-by caves for protection. Our fragile hut was too unsafe for further occupancy; so, after the firing subsided, we moved our few belongings into one of the natural cave shelters. I wish we had a picture of our home in the rocks — a real Bethlehem one! Despite the danger and privations, we enjoyed much of our five weeks' stay there.

With Holy Week came more rumors, and everyone was advised to move on. But where could we go? And how could we manage?

A heavy downpour of rain on Easter Sunday gave the answer to our questions. The cave got such a soaking that living in it would be well-nigh unbearable. We left at four in the afternoon and walked some distance downhill, reaching an evacuation center at seven in the evening. We hadn't gone to that place in the beginning, because it was in a malarial section and was very crowded; our cave had been cleaner and more secluded.

We stayed overnight with the Adoration Sisters in their shack. The next morning,

with the last of those to evacuate this center, we began a five-day trip through the mountains, to the already-liberated town of Tubao, La Union Province.

There must have been at least five hundred people in our caravan: men, women, children, young and old, sick and well, each one carrying a pack and a cane. Up hill and down dale, over rocks and across water, slipping here, sliding there, jumping and falling, on and on we went, with only one thing in mind — to reach a safety zone.

On Easter Tuesday afternoon, we arrived at Ambusi, where we met other caravans from various parts of Baguio. There the Igorot guides sent by the American Army came to conduct the refugees to Tubao. We were then very close to the end of our journey.

It was on Wednesday, April the fourth, that the tragedy of Sister Hyacinth's disappearance occurred. It happened so quickly that I find it hard to explain. If anything ever was a mystery to me, this was it.

Fatigue and Worry

ALL along our little party of five tried to keep together — Mrs. Acob going first, then Sister Hyacinth and I, followed by Sister Una and Gregorio. But with so many people traveling, and over such narrow trails, it frequently happened that we were separated, sometimes for a quarter of an hour or so. Then, too, as this was the last day of a strenuous trip, many persons were exhausted and had to move more slowly.

Around two o'clock, the chief guide, noticing how tired everyone was, suggested that we rest in a hut close by. Before starting off again from there, I asked Gregorio to strap my bag on my back, native fashion, because we would need both hands

and stick to climb steep and slippery hills. Then Sister Hyacinth decided to have Gregorio arrange her bag, too. I started on, thinking Sister would follow presently with the Adoration Sisters.

We kept going, confident that Sister Hyacinth was following, until we reached another hut beside the road. There we stopped for a drink of water, and waited to give Sister a drink. But she did not come. Many of the caravan people were moving in and out of the hut.

Fruitless Search

WE ASKED for Sister and were told that she had gone on ahead. Thinking to overtake her, we hurried off. When we saw that she was not in the long line in front of us, we stopped by the wayside.

While we waited under some banana trees, a heavy rainstorm began. We got soaked. Finally Gregorio arrived and said he had last seen Sister Hyacinth when he had given her and the Adoration Sisters a drink in the hut. That was the same hut where we had a drink.

We asked Gregorio to put down his basket and go back to help Sister Hyacinth — perhaps she was getting over-tired and was unable to walk quickly. After a little while, Gregorio returned, pale and excited, to say that he couldn't find her. What had happened?

Caravan Moves On

SICK at the thought that Sister might have collapsed and even died along the trail, we begged Gregorio to go back again and search the entire vicinity of both huts. We dared not move from that spot for fear of missing her.

Then the Adoration Sisters arrived, hardly able to walk another step. They were barefoot, bruised, and muddy. They told us that Sister Hyacinth had left the

hut before they did; she was in a group of caravan people. It was possible that the group had taken the wrong path from the hut.

Meanwhile, the caravan had gone on. But we waited — over three hours — for Gregorio's return. He reported that he had found no trace of Sister. Darkness was coming on, so we continued our journey. At last we reached the river, where the whole caravan was delayed on our account. The guide to whom we reported Sister's case assured us that there was a shorter trail by which she might reach the next mountain, for which we were headed.

It was too late for the caravan to proceed that night. So we slept on the rocks, and started out at about seven the next morning. We arrived at Pitugan — into which the shorter trail from the Ambusi hut led — on Thursday night. There was no sign of Sister Hyacinth.

Soldiers Help

FRIDAY morning at ten we limped into Tubao, safe inside the American lines, but with what heavy hearts! Without losing a minute, we reported Sister Hyacinth's disappearance. The officers immediately sent out five Igorot runners and a few Americans, to comb the hills and winding trails.

The search was thus continued every day for a week — but in vain. Had Sister reached Pitugan on Thursday, she could have been carried the remainder of the distance, as all the sick were taken in, from there to Tubao, in hammocks.

Hundreds and hundreds of people have since come over that same trail. There have been many rumors, but as yet we have received no official report regarding the finding of Sister Hyacinth's body. I am confident that our Blessed Mother, whose devoted child Sister Mary Hyacinth was, will let us know soon what happened to her.

Killed in Action

THE Secretary of War deeply regrets to inform you that First Lieutenant William Cummings was killed in action in the Pacific Area, December 1944, while transported aboard a Japanese vessel."

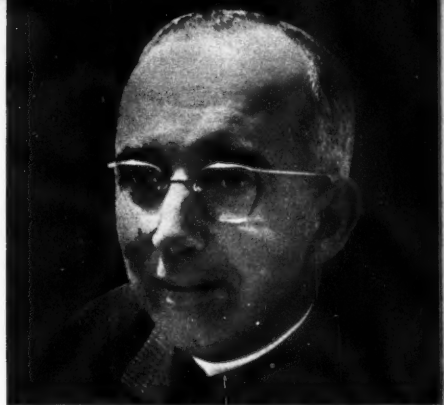
With these simple words, death made its presence felt once more in the Maryknoll family, and long months of uncertainty and searching concerning the whereabouts of Father William T. Cummings came to an end.

It seems only yesterday that Father Cummings took his last look at his native San Francisco and sailed out through the Golden Gate to his new post in Manila. Actually, it was in August of 1940. Hardly a year later, war clouds blacked out the Pacific, and Father Cummings appeared lost in the swirl of conflict.

But news trickled through. It told that Father Cummings had volunteered for the Army, that he had been commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Chaplain Corps, and that he had been assigned to troops defending Bataan. We learned how his heroism had saved the lives of many soldiers when, during the bombing of a base hospital, he quieted panic by mounting a chair and praying aloud in complete disregard of the bombs which fell about him and injured his head, shoulders, and arm.

Brigadier General Carlos P. Romulo, aide to General MacArthur and Pulitzer Prize winner, told us how deeply he was moved when, during a field sermon on Bataan, he heard Father Cummings utter that now-famous phrase, "There are no atheists in foxholes," which he never dreamed would some day ring around the world.

But then Bataan fell, and Father Cummings was lost in the silence broken only



Father Cummings, of San Francisco

by one or two Red Cross postal cards, which merely said, "I am well." Rumors began to drift through, and Maryknoll became apprehensive. Reports reached us that Father Cummings was dead; that he had been taken from Bilibid Prison and put aboard a Japanese transport — bound for the home islands — which was later sunken by a submarine. The submarine's officers did not know that the enemy vessel carried American prisoners of war.

Father Cummings came to us from St. Patrick's Seminary in Menlo Park, California. He was ordained in 1928; and he served Maryknoll in San Francisco, Boston, and New York, before leaving for Manila in 1940.

He is survived by his father, Mr. William Cummings; a sister, Miss Edith Cummings; and a brother, Major Francis Cummings, United States Army — all of San Francisco. He is mourned by Maryknoll, by a host of friends, and by the soldiers with whom he stood side by side in the front lines and in captivity.

Father Cummings died out of love of his God, his country, and his adopted mission land. No man could be asked to do more.

Hats Off to the Army Nurse

by ROBERT E. SHERIDAN

STILL in their early twenties, many of the Army nurses who went through Bataan and Corregidor show the tremendous worth of experience acquired under fire. Especially evident was this when, in February, 1945, the civilians of Santo Tomas Internment Camp were shelled a dozen times. Then thirty were killed and hundreds wounded, and the selfless service of the nurses was priceless.

Father Timothy Daley, of Maryknoll, had been carrying on his hospital work, tending the old men in the camp's gymnasium. American food, plus the arrival of the troops, had brought back from death's door many who were fated for the cemetery on the basis of the starvation diet provided by the Japanese Imperial Army. The gymnasium was shelled early on February 7, and one man was killed. A dozen mortar shells dropped in the area of the main building and the education building, but

did not cause casualties. Finally, in the evening, activity really began.

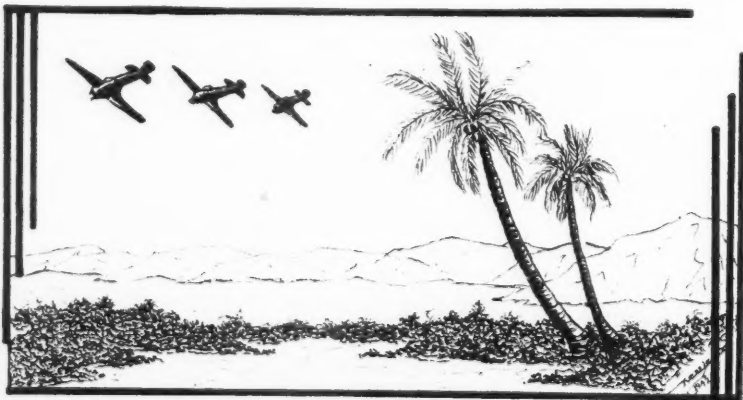
Father Cervini, gallant New York Jesuit, Father Daley, and I had just finished chow and were chatting near the gymnasium, with an Army captain. Shelling started, and the explosions came near.

"Those are no longer mortars; those are artillery shells!" quoth the captain, and he ordered all to take cover.

Fathers Daley and Cervini moved into their dispensary. In less than five minutes, that building was hit three times! The shells pierced the thin cement walls, and shrapnel was bursting in every corner.

The first shell found the priests on the floor, each asking, "Was anybody hit?"

The second shell kept them there; and the third "got" Father Daley with a ragged piece of copper that tore a hole through his upper leg. Blood poured out; a tourniquet was applied; and when the



shelling abated sufficiently, we dragged the wounded priest along a tortuous road to the main building, where a receiving room had been set up to treat casualties.

The shelling was still going on as we carried Father Daley into the stifling room and found a bed for him. Soon the Army nurses took over. Many of them we knew quite well. They had suffered on Bataan and Corregidor during the actual fighting, and for months afterwards their trials continued. In Santo Tomas, they had the problem of securing supplementary food in order to keep alive. Of the eighty-five nurses, thirty-five were regularly off duty, because of illness (malaria and dysentery, and their effects).

When the shelling was on, it seemed as if the smoke of battle again attracted the Army lassies. With the *savoir faire* of veterans, they took over. They went about their ministry of mercy with an efficient kindness that was extremely consoling. The nurses were half starved, weakened, pale, and emaciated; but they found themselves in a real war situation again, and they remained faithfully at their stations,

although they must have been working beyond their natural strength. The shelling brought out in them latent capacities that even internment had not revealed.

In the camp hospital, the nurses had already given more service than could have been expected of their racked bodies. But the din of the guns and the sight of the wounded who were being constantly carried in, seemed to arouse a hidden strength. Those tired women

moved about fearlessly, attending to the mangled, the shattered, and the dying. They disregarded their own weakness — the result of illness and malnutrition — and thought only of the victims who were being brought in on bloody litters. They stood by, not a few hours, but all night! God bless them!

Father Daley is alive today, thanks in great part to the kindly, efficient care he received from those angels of mercy even while the firing was going on. It is not often that one is permitted to see such sublime courage, such serene bravery, such ultragenous service. Off goes this missionary's hat to our Army nurses!



AN

URGENT

REQUEST

FROM our missions in China has come an urgent request for Breviaries, Missals, oil stocks for Extreme Unction, and pyxes for the Holy Eucharist. Our missionaries cannot obtain these essentials in China. We shall be grateful for these articles, new or used, or for offerings to pay for them. We can purchase odd sets of the Breviary for \$16; shopworn Missals for \$6.50; new pyxes for \$15; oil stocks for \$10.

At the Eleventh Hour

by RICHARD B. RHODES

SELDOM is the whole story of a conversion to the Faith known — but there is one which I think I know. The convert was Li Se Sen, an aged Chinese farmer. He was the grandfather of a large tribe, all of whom were pagan except his nineteen-year-old grandson, Li Piang Fong. The latter was a Catholic.

God's grace works through many channels, and it began to reach Li Se Sen when he was burning incense before a pagan shrine to propitiate mischievous spirits. This is what happened on that occasion.

Li Se Sen was following the custom of the non-Christian Chinese farmer, who each spring burns incense before a shrine to ask spirits not to harm his rice crops. Usually the whole family joins in the ceremony. In that particular year, the old man and his family, in order of seniority, each kotowed to the shrine three times, and then burned incense before the pagan diety.

But when it came the turn of the Catholic grandson, Li Piang Fong, to burn the incense, the boy refused. He explained that he could not take part in pagan worship, because he worshiped the one true God.

The Chinese grandfather was sincere in his pagan beliefs, and so he tried to force his grandson by beating the boy. When the old man saw that beating accomplished nothing, and that Fong would not burn the incense, he stopped. But he must have thought a bit, too, wondering what sort of religion could acquire such a hold on a thoughtless youth.

Looking further into the matter, the grandfather trudged five miles to visit the Catholic church. He could not have been much impressed with the building itself,



Loyal to his Faith — unto suffering

since it consisted of only a part of a rented house made of lime. But in the chapel, he paused reverently before the tabernacle and kotowed three times, because he knew that we revere What is in the tabernacle.

The old man inquired about the meaning of the crucifix and the Stations of the Cross. He was much impressed by the story of Our Lord's death and resurrection. Before concluding his visit, he asked for some doctrine books.

At his home, during the following weeks, Li studied the books painstakingly. It was difficult for him to remember much of the catechism, because he was over eighty years old. But with our help, he learned about the most important articles of the Faith.

Then, one day, his grandson rushed to the church to say that the grandfather had suffered a stroke, and wished to be baptized before he died. I went immediately to his house, and found the old man covered with blankets, and lying on the ground outside, trying to keep warm in the sun.

He could not speak clearly, but he nodded his head when I asked if he wished to be baptized. I gave him all that the Church had to give him.



Grandfather, the patriarch of his clan

That night, Li Se Sen died. He was doubtless in the state of grace. And I think that, under God, it all happened because the Catholic youth, Li Piang Fong, kept the Faith when tried before the pagan shrine.

THE CATHOLIC CALENDAR

FROM the majestic splendor of Michelangelo's great Roman basilica, St. Peter's, to the simplicity of a small mission chapel, the world scope of the Catholic Church is revealed in human tones. Fifty-three outstanding photographs, with descriptive text, tell the story of the Church in action.

In a new calendar format, with a full-page photograph printed opposite each week of the year, the calendar gives ecclesiastical divisions as well as the major feasts of the year. There is ample space for personal notes; and in addition, there are Scripture texts providing daily thoughts.

Prepared under the personal supervision of Rev. John J. Considine and Rev. Albert J. Nevins, both of Maryknoll, and reproduced by photo-gravure, *The Catholic Calendar* is a pictorial panorama with accent on human interest.

The price is one dollar — at Maryknoll and at all bookstores



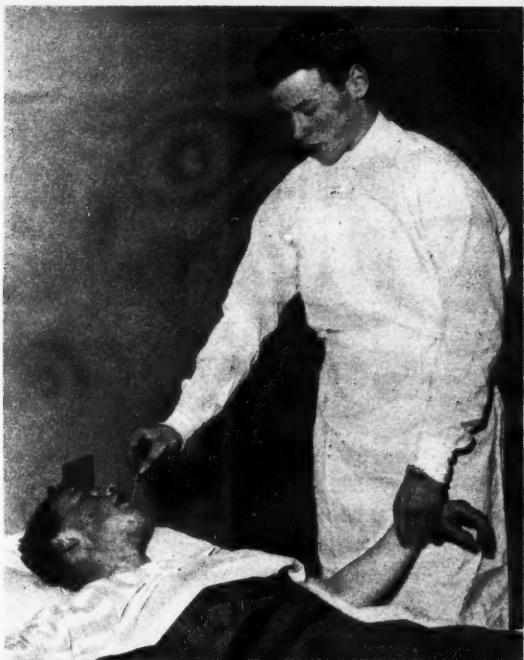
Knoll Photos

Every Maryknoller has a year of intensive spiritual training at Bedford, Mass.

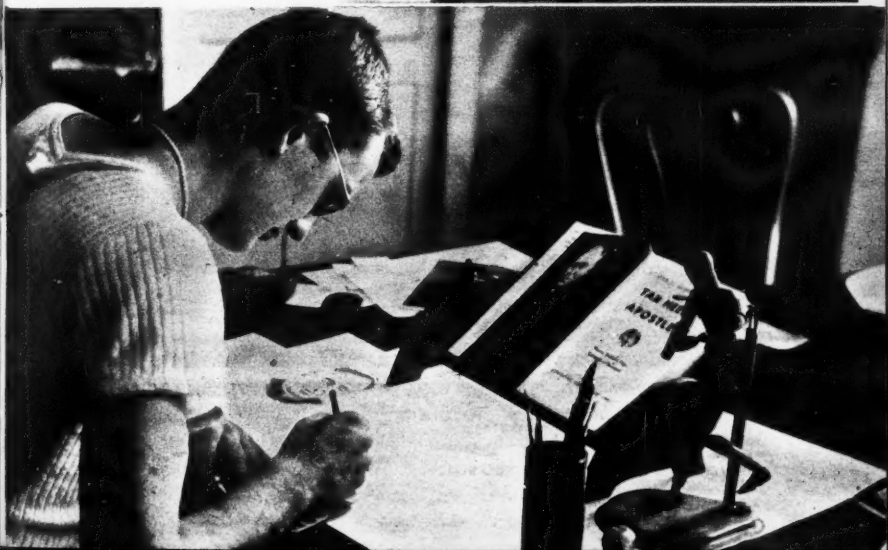
Near this well are the classrooms of the new Junior Seminary, Brookline, Mass.



**Patients get care while
Maryknoll seminarians
get practice, in infirmary**



**Art work is not a hobby, it
is a talent much in demand,
at *The Field Afar* offices**





An Indian's Prayer: We give You thanks, dear Lord, for our little adobe house; for the fields You have given us to till; for the little ones whom we are to guide to heaven; for the priests You have sent us from the great land to the north. Please give us rain to keep our fields fresh; give us *tortillas* to feed our children; give us more priests to teach all our people to know You. *Amen.*

Jovita Sees Life – and Death

by HENRY A. DIRCKX

DEATH IN CHILE is as common and as real as in any other part of the world. But it is perhaps less terrifying, because it does not carry with it the idea of a tie having been broken. The dead are not dead, here; they are very much present to the thoughts of the Chileans.

One illustration of this fact is found in the numerous crosses which line the wayside and the railroad tracks. The crosses are small — rarely over two feet high — and are placed at spots where persons have met violent death, either at the hands of a fellow man or from one of those servants of man — the automobile or the railroad train. The crosses are mute reminders that "today it is my turn — tomorrow yours."

They serve also to beg prayers of the passers-by for the souls of those who were so suddenly and unexpectedly called to judgment. No Chilean can forget the dead, for their memorials, the wayside crosses, are ever at hand.

The Poor Bring Gifts

JOVITA gave me a special illustration of the Chilean attitude toward death. She came to the rectory on an errand, one day. She was only ten, and small for her age. Her dress was poor and worn, and she was without shoes and stockings. Evidently the little girl belonged to a family whose sole distinction was that it was numbered among the poorest of God's poor. Nevertheless, Jovita had a pleasant smile and brilliant, dancing eyes.

After a few preliminaries, my little caller asked if I would do her the great favor of accepting the watermelon that she had brought as a gift. I assured her that I should be happy to do her that favor, and I extended my thanks to her and to her mother. A conversation never stops with just a few words, so I went on to ask Jovita how many brothers and sisters she had, and to say that I hoped they were all well.

"Two are Dead"

THERE were, Jovita informed me, seven in her family: her father and mother, one sister, herself, and three brothers — two of whom had died. But the way the little girl made this statement was what struck me.

"We are," she said, "seven; two are dead."

For the first "are," Jovita used the Spanish verb (*ser*) that denotes a permanent condition. For the second "are," she used the verb (*estar*) that signifies a temporary or passing state. Thus Jovita's words might be freely translated as follows:

"Our family consists of seven members. It happens that two of my brothers are no longer in this world. But that doesn't make any difference. They have just gone away for awhile; they have gone to God. They are still members of our family."

Jovita told me a truth which all her fellow Chileans know well. And she made me understand even more clearly the meaning of those words, "O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?"

IN YOUR WILL, FIND A PLACE FOR MARYKNOLL. WRITE FOR BOOKLET

Kaying Lawn Party

by Bishop FRANCIS X. FORD

OUR SISTERS have experimented in all manner of projects — so vast is the field of their work among women, and so untried as yet are many ways of interesting women in the Church. The Maryknoll Sisters' hostel for girl students offered a good opportunity for getting in touch with the women teachers of the city, so a lawn party was undertaken.

In this homeland of Chinese lanterns, it seems odd that the Chinese do not use them for lawn parties. To the Westerner, the paper lantern is so fragile and dainty, and its light so enchanting, that it seems especially made for decoration. But the Chinese, practical as usual, think of it as a source of light, made beautiful only incidentally. The setting of the Sisters' garden, sheltered by a dozen trees, needed little ornament to satisfy the eye, and a few paper lanterns and streamers from last year's Christmas tree gave just the right touch of decoration to the chaste symmetry of the Chinese dwelling.

Enjoyed the Novelty

LIKE the answer to Sisters' prayers the world over, was the weather. The heavy clouds cooled and shaded the lawn, and withheld their rain till all was ended. A lawn party in tropical China could be a warm event. And in this rainy season, only faith would dare to plan such a gathering.

There were few onlookers as the hundred guests participated in the games. The dozen or so schoolteachers and other women notables soon lost their prim coolness in the atmosphere of friendliness. They were welcomed by the students and introduced to the Sisters, and they showed evident

interest in all about them. Chinese schoolteachers traditionally are given a slightly formal deference that inhibits them from relaxing with their pupils; but under the Sisters' skillful casualness, woman's delight in simple pleasure came to the surface, and they thoroughly enjoyed the novelty. The ingenuousness of a round of simple games participated in by everyone was beyond their ken or custom, but they entered into the spirit of the occasion gaily.

The Sisters themselves were rewarded by the hearty co-operation of the girls. The

New China gives poise to its maidens



latter demanded the privilege of providing for the catering and the decorations, and they also acted as hostesses and prime movers of the games. The games were the kind that allowed all guests to participate: egg hunting, pinning the donkey's tail, musical chairs, and the like. They were reminders to the Sisters of parties at home, but were entirely new to the young generation of modern China.

Interspersed were folk dancing, and lively phonograph records, and a Maypole group, and much friendly chatting with the Sisters. The complete and unconscious frankness between the girls and the Sisters was a revelation to the visitors, and the unclannish mingling of sodality girls from all points of the compass was a sorely needed lesson against prevalent custom.

It may seem curious that in such relaxation the Sisters find their missionary work realized. Having the girls living with them in the hostel gives them better contact than can be experienced in purely formal school work. The girls' characters are formed as much outside of class as during school hours, and the hostel gives the refinement of home training that a day school cannot give. The association of the Sisters' influence with the girls' social pleasures, which subjectively are more intimate and important than mere study, gives the girls true values that will powerfully counteract the unsettled standards of modern emancipation.

The lawn party was an excellent occasion for practicing the virtues of a hostess. Young China is eager to acquire such, and the calm poise of the girls in placing doilies and serving tea, or conducting their teachers through immaculate bedrooms and study hall, gave no inkling of the careless habits that have needed wise correction.

To the girls, the lawn party was an



Malia's joy was in helping the hostesses

afternoon of happy excitement with their teachers. But to the Sisters, it meant many an opening wedge for friendship with the non-Christian visitors, who have much influence over womenfolk in this region. To the visitors, the lawn party was a revelation of the warmth of the Catholic Faith and the joy of Catholic culture.

At least you, my friends! Forget not the souls of your own Faith and kin, of your friends, and of those who have few or none to think of them in this precious month.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace.

On the Mission Front

Rookie Pastor: My new parish, San Gregorio, is a place where the poverty of Bethlehem seems to be the outstanding virtue. There are about 13,000 souls to be cared for throughout a wide area. Everyone says that the people are tranquil and gentle, despite the fact that recently, at least, there have been a few assassinations. The church is being erected, but still lacks windows, sacristy, and walls. As yet there is no house for the priest, but I have rented two rooms. My parish is two hours by horseback, galloping, from Father James Sheridan's parish, and so we are neighbors, more or less.

— *Father Arthur E. Brown, of Brookline, Massachusetts, now in Bulnes, Chile*

Trip to Alcantara: I left with the Bishop to drive to Alcantara (Chile), for the Eucharistic Congress. We stayed in a parish that is the poorest in the diocese, but one of the most fervent. A band had been brought in from a neighboring town to welcome the Bishop. His Lordship was escorted under a canopy through the city, to the church on the other side of the river. There in the tiny church was the pastor, a young, energetic priest. He preached the welcome for the Bishop, and it was one of the most sincere talks of the kind I've ever heard. Few people were able to fit into the little building, so the preacher had to shout to be heard by the multitude outside. That night, we heard confessions until late.

— *Father Jerome P. Garvey, of San Francisco, California, now in Talca, Chile*



Fr. Arthur E. Brown

Fr. Jerome P. Garvey



World Outlook: My young military friend Captain Ponce de Leon, has the best outlook on things of any layman whom I have met. The young chap pinned my ears back when he elaborated on the idea of making the world one. He looks at things through universal glasses. He wants all the good in the world to be shared by all the people of the world, and he explained how the contribution that great

men have made to civilization does not pertain to any one place. Best of all, he based all his observations on the teaching of Christ. Naturally, a person who talks like that will say things that hurt a lot of other people. Among those present was a young chap who at one time worked for us, and it was a pleasure to see his reactions to the remarks, especially when the captain stated that he never misses Mass on Sundays.

— *Father Raymond J. Bonner, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, now in Cobija, Bolivia*

Village Doctor: The sick man sat in front of his hut, quite disconsolate, moaning and groaning. I proceeded to remove the filthy outer bandage, the sheet of writing paper, and leaves, which covered the wound. The man had struck his arm against a stone some ten days earlier, and an infection developed. He applied sugar poultices, and bandaged the arm with large leaves of weeds from his garden, and a few old rags. Naturally, the condition went from bad to worse. I swabbed away the infected matter, and applied vaseline applications. From the elbow down nearly to the wrist, was one hideous, gaping wound. When this poor victim of igno-

rance was taken care of, as well as good will and lack of facilities would permit, I said the prayers for the sick.

— *Father Joseph P. Meaney, of Arlington, Massachusetts, now in Ayapata, Peru*

The Lady Called Carmen: Our cook, Carmen Rosa, falls definitely into the character class. A formidable lady, she keeps a steady line of chatter going in her domain. She comments on current events with the chickens, the cats, the dog, with any old pals who'll pop in for a cup of tea; with herself, if there is no other audience around. It is a rare experience, to see and hear her chasing and scolding the chickens. Recently, she went out one evening with a big stick, trying to persuade the poultry into their newly constructed coop. There was no peace that night!

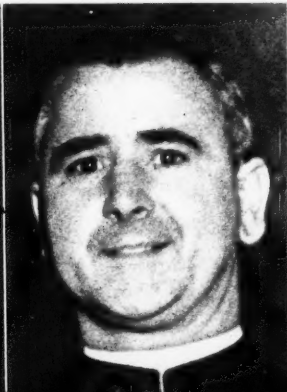
The other day, our jewel of the culinary section came into the office with a wicked-looking ax hung over one shoulder. She asked, "Where is the pastor?" We called Father Schulz out of hiding after we learned that she only wished to show him the new handle on the ax.

— *Father Joseph J. Rickert, of Brooklyn, New York, now in Talca, Chile*

Fr. Raymond J. Bonner

Fr. Joseph P. Meaney

Fr. Joseph J. Rickert



MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



Our Favorite World

THE WORLD we should like to live in is not a perfect world. It is not a Utopia that eliminates all trial and trouble, banishes all pain and sorrow, and surrounds all of its inhabitants with every conceivable comfort and convenience. It is not a material heaven that knows no struggle. It would be full of effort and struggle, for it would be designed to make men happy by means of the development that strengthens, not to make them doltish with the ease that stagnates. It would alleviate poverty without exterminating the blessed poor; it would combat disease without expecting to live forever; it would dispel ignorance while reserving every charity for those who, for any reason, remained backward and dull. It would guarantee human rights, foster human betterment, and preserve human dignity; but it would not rule out the labors and dangers inherent in a proper human independence and a healthy human progress. It would like to see every man supplied with a trained mind, a sound body, a good job, and a happy family; but it would not be satisfied to provide these things and call itself a good world. There would still be hard lessons to learn, hard problems to face, hard decisions to make, in this world of ours. It would give men many opportunities, but one of them would be the opportunity to be a man. In short, it would not eliminate human development by providing static, if favorable, conditions. It would not be a slave

superstate, but a free world.

Thus the world of our desires would confront a man with the legitimate striving that strengthens and beautifies his immortal soul, but not with the unjust, uphill battling that embitters it. It would minister to the whole man, for our kind of world must prove a fitting introduction to the completion of human life that is reserved to another world. There is no service to mankind in creating conditions that provide for every mental and physical need while neglecting deeper needs in the spiritual sphere. Before planning the lives of men, we must know what men are and what their destiny is. They are wayfarers, upward bound. They need a lot of good days and bad days in their lives. They need to work and pray, to laugh and play, to strive and struggle, to suffer and sorrow; but they also need a chance to do it all in decent measure and with human dignity. The average man is not supposed to be a perpetual martyr. He is entitled to a good life on earth and a better one in heaven. We cannot shut out all the wintry blasts and make life a summer idyl; but we can compensate by a clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigors of the game.

On the negative side, our world would write the obituary of religious bigotry, racial prejudice, economic injustice, social snobbery, nationalistic bias, and every other form of discrimination among men based on any title whatsoever save that of personal merit. There would be neither

Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, in this world of our desires, but all would be one and all would be brothers — if not in Christ Jesus, through the blessed gift of faith, then at least in the great common family of the children of God. Our world would foster these ends by a positive, active, and persistent dedication to equality, justice, and world-wide brotherly love; and it would reserve its severest sanctions for any infraction of human rights or invasion of human dignity perpetrated on the lowest mortal by anybody, anywhere, for any reason. Thus it would be in essence a world of equal opportunity plus fraternal charity: one that cleared the earth of the disabilities created by men, and left it the fair field open to all that was intended by God. It would not put a silver spoon in every man's mouth, but it would give a new lift to his shoulders, a new vision on his horizon, a new path for his plodding feet.

So our favorite world is not heaven on earth but, rather, a pleasant little path — if not a primrose one — from earth to heaven. It does not pretend to build a lot of castles in Spain and fulfill all the cherished aspirations of the whole human race. Some things must be left for heaven. It does not provide all men with world claim and posterity's plaudits; all women intellectual genius and attractive

charm; all children with perpetual holidays, continual trips to the zoo, jumbo candy bars, and elephantine ice-cream cones. It does give them all a chance to be themselves and to develop themselves as God made them, and it would let no man or set of men prejudice or interfere with that chance.

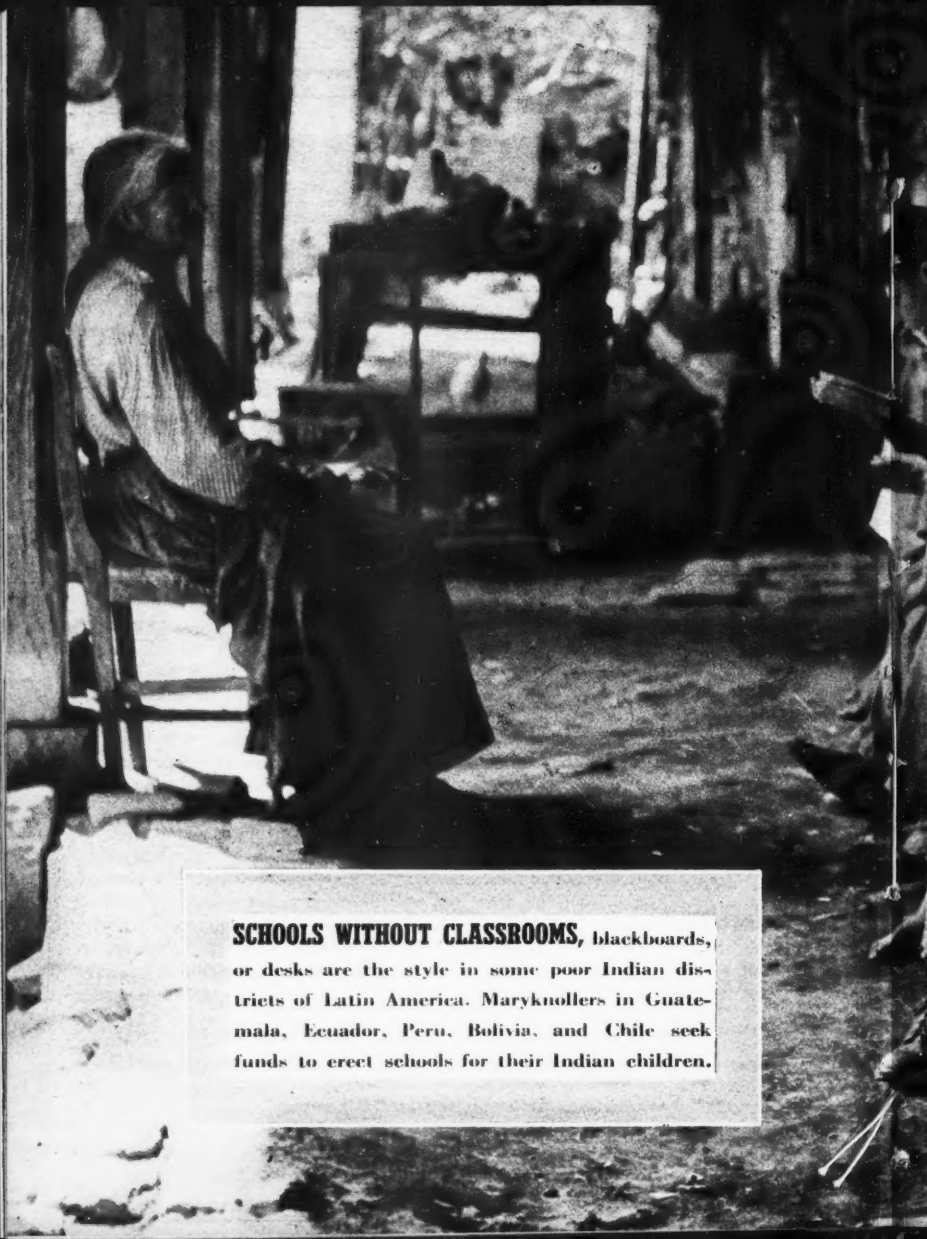
A fair world of equality and justice and peace is what present-day missionaries would like to see. They plan a still better world that will come in when the fullness of Christ shall have spread to every corner. This kind of world would give them a chance to bring it in.

November Peace

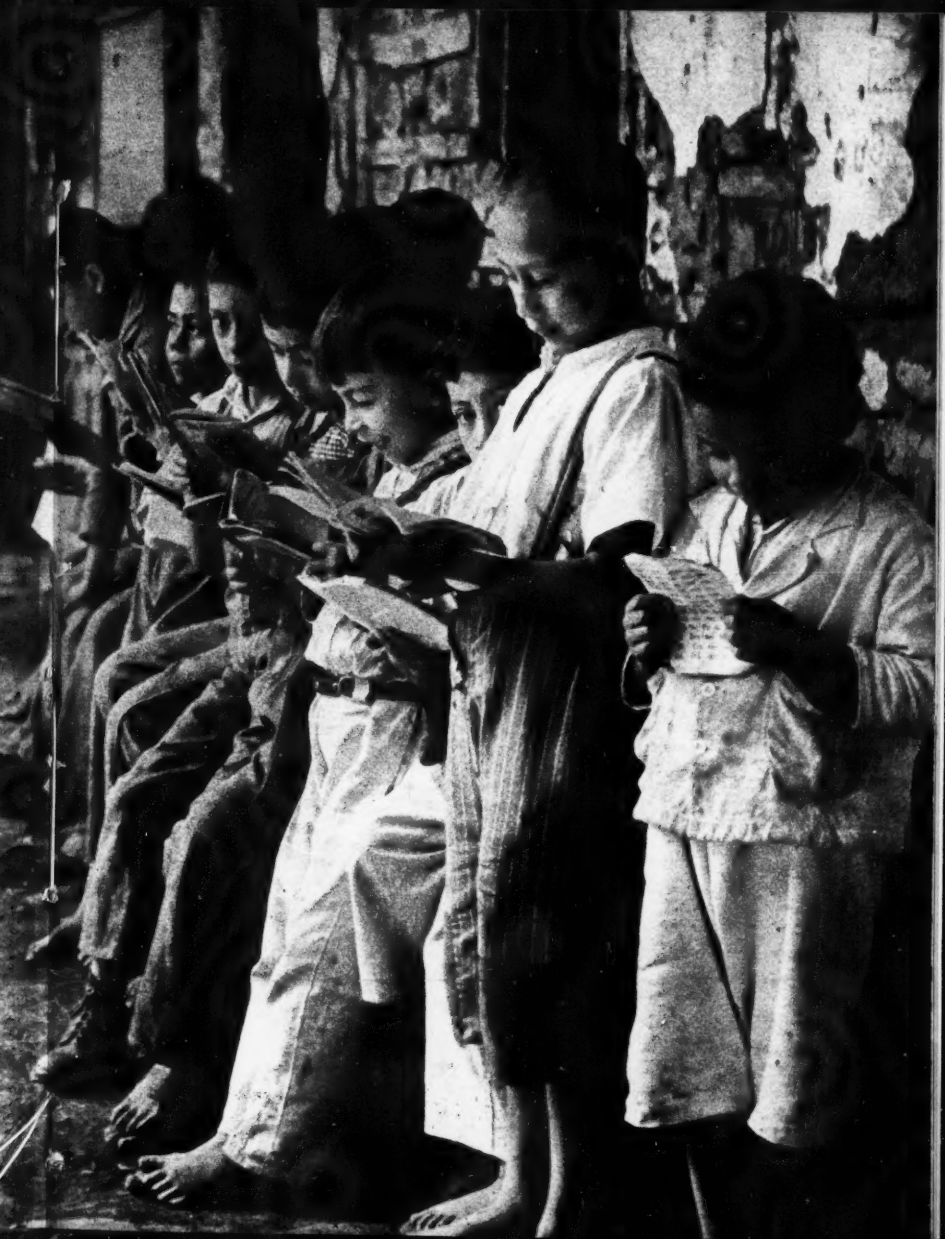
THE graveyards of the world are filled to overflowing. The holocaust of war touched every country, reached into every home, mangled and decimated the whole human race. The churches are equally filled, with praying millions who ask the mercy of God for the loved and lost, the consolation of God for those who are left, and the peace of God for all. Shall we have peace at last on earth at the bitter cost of all these sacrifices — or is peace obtainable only in heaven? The world is imperfect, but it was not intended to be a perpetual battlefield; the poor planet has earned its peace, and it only remains to see if its people know where to find it. November will fill our churches; November will renew the memory of our sacrifices in all our hearts. As we mourn and cherish our dead, let us ask God to bless this unhappy world with the peace for which they died.



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD, ALL THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



SCHOOLS WITHOUT CLASSROOMS, blackboards, or desks are the style in some poor Indian districts of Latin America. Maryknollers in Guatemala, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile seek funds to erect schools for their Indian children.





First Field Mass on recaptured Nanning Airfield is said by Msgr. Romaniello

Chaplains and Your Boy

by MARK A. TENNIEN

FROM the Burma-China border, which runs through snow-mantled peaks and jungle valleys, eastward to Japanese-occupied Fukien — from tropical Indo-China, northward to the frozen regions of the Communist area and China's northwest — are scattered groups of American Army forces.

There may be a half-dozen map makers, a small intelligence group, a liaison team, a listening post, or an air base. Wherever the unit is sizable, our soldiers are assigned a chaplain. If their life is lonely, the men want to talk to the chaplain; if it is bitter, they want to go to him for cheer.

In 1942, when American troops were first moving into China, the spiritual needs of the men were taken care of by calling on near-by missionaries for Mass and services. Men at headquarters in Chungking went to the Maryknoll chapel for Mass. One day General Alexander remarked that he had been receiving, from one air base, urgent requests for a permanent Catholic chaplain. There was a shortage of chaplains, and he did not know when one could be brought over from America.

"These men are fighting and being shot down, and we must have someone on hand to take care of their sacramental needs,"

the general said.

Then he asked if it would be possible to engage missionaries, who had been driven out of their districts by the Japanese advances, to live at Army bases as Army chaplains. The following week Father Lyons, who had been driven out of Chekiang, was employed by the Army under contract, and General Alexander sent him in answer to a call from another base. As time went on, more priests were engaged to fill the demands.

After a year and a half, the number of bases and troops increased, and Army chaplains began to arrive from America. Fathers McNamara and Kelly came as supervising chaplains, about the end of 1943. Later Father Buckley, Father Henninger (O.F.M.), Father Morrell, Father

Albers, and Father Barrett arrived. Father McNamara was named Theater Chaplain, and did excellent work in co-ordinating and organizing chaplain duty throughout China.

Archbishop Spellman named Bishop Jantzen Vicar Delegate for the American Forces. Assisting Bishop Jantzen in his duties, I had the task, not long ago, of visiting most of the bases in China. It gave the opportunity to observe the spiritual life of our Catholic boys, and to see the zeal of the chaplains and the good work they are doing.

"Improvise" is the watchword, for China is the American Army's most distant outpost, and communication lines are a staggering problem. Gasoline has been delivered there at the cost of eighty American dollars

Rations are not enough — soldiers want spiritual food before the battle



a gallon, during the past three years. Other supplies are brought in at the same cost per pound. Hence, the troops in China are required to live off the land, and go without many comforts they would have in other theaters of war.

Near the borders of Burma, I ate with Colonel Seedlock, who used to serve Mass in Chungking. He is now in charge of rebuilding the Burma Road in China. Mass was offered in a tent. The altar was an officer's trunk, placed on top of a table, and the men crowded around in the small space. It was marvelous, and a tribute to American boys' ability to "take it," that they did not complain against the rugged conditions under which they live.

Father Morrell, of St. Louis, takes care of servicemen in the highlands between the Salween and the Mekong. His home, when he is not twisting and climbing over "the Hump" road to offer Mass with other units in the Himalayan valleys, is in a tent high in the hills.

After shivering all night, in spite of six blankets and all my clothes on, I assured Father Morrell that he'd find nothing harder or more primitive in mission life. The dinner proved to be a banquet, however, for instead of canned rations, he served a roast pheasant which he had shot from his jeep that day.

Across the Salween, Father Hughes, O.F.M., exiled from his Hupeh mission by

During a front-line battle lull, a chaplain gives absolution to weary men



the Japanese, is contract chaplain. All last summer that area was a battle zone while the Japanese were being pushed down the Burma Road. Father Hughes wore out three pairs of Army shoes, tramping over the area to give Mass and sacraments to the men. Sometimes he went over the mountains on muleback.

Chaplains at the bomber fields — among whom are Father Buckley and Father Albers — have a satisfying work to do when bombers start out on a mission. The chaplain is on hand for the briefing of the airmen, and after that he conducts religious services, Catholic boys are given absolution and Communion, and then they set off, feeling comforted that God is with them.

Contact!

SOMETIMES, when the plotting officers report a large number of Japanese bombers coming towards an air base, the Catholic boys gather around the chaplain to get General Absolution. An amusing story was told by one of the chaplains, about an alarmed non-Catholic who happened to be near when the chaplain was preparing for General Absolution.

The prudent non-Catholic went to the priest and asked, "Can I get in on this, too, Chaplain?"

Father Cosgrove, M.M., has been a contract chaplain with fighter squadrons for about three years now. He was always at an advanced base, and had more bombs and bullets dropping around him than had any other chaplain in China. But when he was moved to the rear for a few months, he complained of ennui, and asked to be sent forward again where there would be more action.

When a plane is shot down or crashes, this Maryknoller is among the first to reach the spot. He received a letter of commendation from the commanding officer, after

he had dashed into a burning plane and pulled out bodies while the plane's machine guns were spitting out bullets.

Because he is fluent in Chinese, Father Cosgrove gets a variety of tasks. He goes out with groups to look for lost planes, for he is able to ask directions from the country folk. He wangles shot-down Japanese aviators from the local militia, so that they can be questioned by the American officers. Evenings when he is not instructing men for baptism, he teaches a class of them to speak Chinese.

An enlisted man heard two non-Catholic officers in Chungking wondering why Catholics attended their services more faithfully than other groups did. One, a colonel, said: "When I do go to church, I go to the Catholic service. I don't know much about it, but they've got something there."

Not all the Catholic boys are exemplary. Far from it! Away from their moorings, and perhaps feeling lost and uncared-for in faraway lands, some are bound to practice religion and virtue less than they did at home. But the Catholic chaplains, who see into the hearts of the boys, are struck far more with the virtue than with the vice they find there.

Thinking of Home

THE privilege of Mass after noontime, which Archbishop Spellman obtained from the Holy Father for our forces, is the most strengthening thing for the soldiers' faith that this war has brought about. It gives opportunities for attending Mass which otherwise they could not have.

Many soldiers have asked chaplains to write to anxious mothers, wives, fiancées, or pastors, to assure them that the boys were faithful to their religion. Millions more of letters could be written to say that almost all our boys are clinging fast to their Faith and its practices.

The Apothecary Shop

by JOHN W. COMBER

I FIRST visited the village of Ying-Ko-Pu, or Parrot Village, a few months after the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. The village and its environs were still oblivious of the invasion; the people knew something had happened in Mukden, but were not sure what it was.

About a thousand people lived in Parrot Village. It was the center for the homes of farmers who cultivated the near-by fields, and it was also a market town and shopping center for the farmers and their families. To one of its establishments, an apothecary shop, my mules took me, after a sleigh ride along the frozen river between the village and T'ung Hua.

The proprietor of the shop, Mr. Yang, was both druggist and physician, as is the rule with Chinese doctors. As physician, he didn't charge for his services. His fee came from the sale of the medicines which he prescribed; and if he didn't prescribe, there was no fee. Usually there was a prescription. When a man was very sick, however, the doctor would not prescribe, for fear that the patient's death would be attributed to him.

When it is said of any one, "The doctors won't prescribe for him," everybody knows the patient is near death.

Led the Mules

PARROT VILLAGE was halfway between two of our missions, and the missionaries sometimes made it a meeting place. On this trip, I met here Father Thomas Quirk, whose cart came in from the west. We led our mules right through the medicine shop, into the backyard, and then sat down to a substantial meal, which was both dinner

and supper for us.

Mr. Yang and the neighbors talked with us on the usual topics: the prospects for next year's crops, the chance of banditry starting up, the meaning of the Japanese invasion. We missionaries introduced a special subject of conversation: the possibility of organizing a mission station in Parrot Village.

Mass in the Drugstore

MR. YANG and a few others were catechumens, and everything looked propitious for the sending of a catechist. Many cart drivers stayed overnight at the village, on the long journey from T'ung Hua to the markets of Mukden. We thought of having a Catholic open an inn, where he could support himself and be the means of spreading the doctrine to some of the patrons. The inn could also serve as a mission station, where the priests could say Mass. All in all, prospects were bright.

After the meeting broke up, we sat on the *kang* (oven bed) and talked about many things. We were tired; but even though one is tired, it is difficult to sleep on an oven bed! Outside the window, the mules were munching grain and straw. There were other sounds equally strange to those who were brought up near electric cars and steam engines, but were unused to braying donkeys and stamping mules just outside a paper window. However, we had a lot to talk about and so did not mind the competition.

In the morning, we said Mass in the drugstore, for the few Catholics and catechumens. The situation looked hopeful, we thought, as we bade good-by to our

host and his friends.

During the summer, I visited Parrot Village a few times. Already the Big Knife Society was being organized, and guerrillas and bandits were appearing in the region.

In the fall, I had my last visit with Mr. Yang. The Japanese invaders had gone through Parrot Village on their way towards T'ung Hua, and some were still camped near by. The people had fled at the enemy's approach, dismantling their homes as far as possible.

Four years later, I was once more in T'ung Hua. Our hopes for Parrot Village had remained but hopes. Outside T'ung Hua, banditry was at its height, and Father Burns, my companion in the mission, was a captive. Early one morning, a policeman came to our door. His office had received a call from Parrot Village, saying that a Mr. Yang was dying and had asked that the Catholic mission be notified.

Travel restrictions and bandits made it impossible for the priest to go, but a native

Catholic was found to make the thirty-mile walk. When he arrived, he learned that Mr. Yang was dead. The good drug-gist had actually died before we received the telephone message, but God had not forgotten his efforts for the Church.

One of his friends, Mr. Li, who also was a member of that interested group of long ago, had visited Mr. Yang the night before. He said, later, that he didn't know just why he happened to go to Parrot Village that night. Bandits had kept him away five years — but suddenly he had decided to call on Mr. Yang. Being a former catechumen, Mr. Li remembered what he had learned about Baptism, and he baptized the dying man.

Our mission station in Parrot Village has not yet been started. But as soon as Manchuria is open to missionaries again, many of the Maryknollers will be eager to undertake that good work. And we know that Doctor Yang will be helping with his prayers in heaven.

Shops display their wares minus cellophane and free for all to handle





Laundry day in China's streets becomes a social event for the neighborhood

Up an Alley—in China

by SISTER MARY PAUL

HERE, in two rooms of the women's quarters of the Catholic mission in Kunming, the remnants of our refugee group hold forth — Sister Cecilia Marie, Sister Rose Victor, and myself.

Our dwelling is in an alley, off one of the main thoroughfares. To progress through this alley, it is necessary to hurdle numerous groups of little bootblacks who are always cuddling close to the wall to keep warm. The approach to the building, which is actually a kitchen annex wedged in between two Chinese restaurants, is through a court. With hands firmly grasping the railing, you swing yourself up a perpendicular stairway to Maryknoll Convent.

All cooking is done over charcoal stoves. The fires take much time to prepare, so

meals are simplified as far as possible. For instance, breakfast is concocted from the previous day's meals, requiring only a reheating of the rice or hash. We used to coax our toy frying pan and teapot onto the corner of the restaurant kitchen fire; but when the sleepy boy discovered what could be done with that inch of fire, he decided he had been wasteful. Now he uses it himself.

We are really quite fortunate in having two rooms for the three of us. Other refugee Sisters call our flat the "Mother-house" because we enjoy such comparative privacy. A lay catechist lives in a room adjoining one of ours. On the other side is a small school. About ten starry-eyed youngsters with dirty faces gather around

the long table and shout their lessons at the catechist, from eleven in the morning until four in the afternoon.

For the three of us, life is now beginning to fall into a more-regular mission routine. We are instructing a few candidates for Confirmation, one for confession and First Communion, and two more for Baptism. Among many others, we hope that, by God's grace, the seed of faith is being sown.

Families in Flight

ONE Sunday the postmaster's boy, Henry, was swinging on the gate, waiting to tell us his brother was sick with pneumonia. He followed us upstairs for medicine and told us, with more wisdom than might be expected from his twelve years, how the family — father, mother, and seven children — had walked here from Tushan. They had fled from their home, leaving all baggage behind except a few blankets, because the city was being burned before the approaching enemy.

"And," said Henry, "my mother and father had to walk slowly because of us children. All along the side of the road, there were babies and young children, left there by their parents, who found them too heavy a burden. We walked for a whole week, but my mother and father did not throw any of us away!"

Since then, we have placed Henry and

his younger brother in a boarding school conducted by the Salesian Fathers.

Another new friend, in quite different circumstances, invited us to see her family home in the city, before it was rented to officers. You can imagine the strange feeling we had in spacious rooms, with parquet flooring that glistened clean and bright, and windows that were hung with beautiful drapes and curtains. We had almost forgotten that such things existed! This young lady gave us a great thrill when we found her at Mass on Sunday, eager to understand the Holy Sacrifice.

Soldiers from our homeland are numerous here, and give much good example by their attendance at the five-thirty Mass every Sunday evening.

A Hope for Christmas

REALLY, this bulging city is a great combination of America and China, with traffic of all kinds, business of every variety, and refugees from all over the East. Many of the latter, we are now able to help through gifts from home. God bless the donors!

Several other groups of Maryknoll Sisters, who were forced to leave their missions before an invading army, found refuge and work in safer parts of China, and also in India. There is good reason to hope that many of them will be able to return to their missions before Christmas.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS. MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

I will send you, as soon as possible, a U.S. War Bond* or Stamps, to be used for the direct work of saving souls.

Name _____
Street _____ Zone _____
City _____ State _____

*Bonds for the Maryknoll Sisters should be registered under their legal title: Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. Only Bonds in Series F and G may be registered in the name of such a corporation.



Why Should You?

WHY should you give money to aid elderly Chinese?

The old folks of China possibly never did anything for you. It is unlikely that they ever will. But in their time, they have done many kind things for others.

There seems to be a sort of common fund of kindness in this world, to which we all contribute, and from which we all must draw. Only rarely is repayment direct.

We are all growing older every day. We all hope that, when our strength shall have gone, other people will be good to us, remembering that we did our best while we could.

Five dollars means a month of care for one of those whom we shelter. Can you help?

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.



That's Where the Chapel Will Be!

WE ARE seeking contributions to build a chapel for the Maryknoll Seminary. Any sum you can spare will be received with gratitude.

Money received will be invested in War Bonds until the time comes to build. Donations will thus aid the victory effort as well as Maryknoll.

Peace again prevails, and with it the liberty to obtain materials. We hope to build our chapel as soon as labor is available.

Now is the time to plan, to arrange, to

prepare; and that means planning with architects, arranging with contractors, preparing with engineers. It means planning, arranging, preparing to pay; for all those people must know what we will build, and what they can expect to do.

And that depends on the Maryknoll Members. On *You*. A single offering may be made; or a certain sum may be given monthly, for three or six or twelve months, or more.

Thank you — and God bless you!

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

Diogenes Afoot in Puno

by CHARLES F. GIRNIUS

I HAD been given the task of searching out vocations for our seminary here in Puno — the task of looking for boys with a sincere desire to become priests. I was to go forth through the pueblos more or less after the manner of Diogenes, lamp in hand, always hoping, perhaps never finding.

It was interesting to visit so many of the pueblos of Puno for the first time. Let me tell you of a part of my journey.

On the north end of Lake Titicaca, near the Bolivian border, is the quiet and pretty little pueblo of Moho (pronounced "Mo"). After a five-hour truck ride, I arrived there in the evening. I found Moho different from most pueblos, in that it has a

relative abundance of trees instead of the usual dozen or so. The plaza consists of a well-cared-for garden and is very pretty. The church, facing the plaza, is colorless and unattractive.

I searched for the local hotel, which they call "pension," and found it a simple "hashhouse" with sleeping quarters for travelers. Upon seeing my room, I had to laugh, but I felt very much like a missionary.

The room was cheerless, with a small window that let in the chill of the night, but not the sunlight or warmth of the day. The furniture consisted of an old dusty sofa, an old uncomfortable chair, and two

Last-minute sports bulletins bring cheers or groans from interested fans



beds. The beds were gasoline boxes pushed together, slightly padded with straw matting, and then covered with fairly decent linen and blankets. Instead of electricity, there was only a small candle, but fortunately I had my flashlight.

In the morning, a boy brought me a pan of cold water with which to wash and shave. The day was Sunday, and the pastor was absent because of illness. I celebrated Mass for a handful of people, including two or three good Catholic families. A member of one of these families is a Franciscan priest, and a brother of his became one of my applicants.

The Moho church proved to be more like a barn than a place of worship. It is famous, however, for many colonial paintings which cover every portion of the wall. The paintings are torn and neglected, yet they are in a better condition than the roof and the walls. Several planks serve for the table of the altar, and they are uneven. It seemed to me that it will be easier to build a new church than to repair this one.

When word got around that a Maryknoll Padre had arrived in quest of seminarians, I received visitors. They were Indian lads, and, like many Indians, uneducated and unprepared for higher studies. I did conclude my visit with several likely candidates, however.

The next morning I said Mass at about six, and then, without breakfast, took to the road again. After a brief pause at Vilque Chica, where the pastor promised to take an interest and write to us later, I arrived at Huanacani.

Success and Breakfast

LEAVING the truck, I took a room in the hotel and then went to see the pastor. He walked around town with me, and we were able to sign up several prospects. This was done so rapidly that I was free to leave



Father Girnius, of Maspeth, N. Y.

after several hours — and on the same truck that had brought me.

The next town was Taraco. It is very small and has only a few families that could have prospects for us. The pastor was kind and had a delicious meal prepared for me — my first that day! I had arrived at one o'clock. No vocations were discovered, and so by four o'clock I was looking for a truck to go to Juhaca — the last stop before Puno.

The vehicle on which I left Taraco was the remains of a truck. It had a hood over the motor; a windshield; and a gasoline tank, on which sat the driver and a few passengers. On the journey, we boosted a crippled bull into the truck, and tied him down. Around the bull were baggage and more passengers.

In this fashion, elegant enough for Puno, we rode into Juhaca — to find rest at a decent hotel after a busy day.

MEN OF MARYKNOLL



Famous Last Words: Los Banos Camp, for interned civilians in the Philippines, was freed by American paratroopers. One tall soldier, assigned to root out any hiding Japanese, approached a barrack and gave a harsh command for the enemy to come forth. His order was answered by a chorus of feminine screams from Americans within. As the soldier turned away in embarrassment, a fair young lady ran out.

"Mister!" she called. As the lanky trooper turned, she asked, "Are you a marine?"

"No, lady," he drawled. "I'm a soldier."

"Oh, that's too bad!" she exclaimed. "I did so want to be rescued by a marine!"

The soldier's countering remarks are deleted.

— *Father J. Russell Hughes,
of New York City,
lately in the Philippines*

Native Choir: Welshmen are famous for their beautiful voices, but you ought to hear my Indians! Their rich baritones produce the finest singing I have ever heard. I brought records of Gregorian Chant with me, when I came here. After hearing a disc once or twice, these Indians can render the piece perfectly. However, the records offer one distraction. Instead of singing, my choir members much prefer to watch the phonograph turntable go around and around.

— *Father Paul J. Sommer,
of Boston, Massachusetts,
now in Guatemala*

Feed the Hungry: Last January, Malia Lim and her two small sons came into our relief station, where we were feeding three hundred refugees a day. We are still on that job, and the Lims are still with us. When they arrived, their faces were colorless; their eyes were strained, looking for mercy; and their bodies, like those of so many other refugees, were just thin layers of flesh covering their bones. Now the boys are playing happily in our garden, while Malia is earning a little income at her former trade of lace making. However, they long to return to their own village.

— *Father Howard D. Trube,
of New York City,
now in South China*

Porcupine for Breakfast: We camped in the vicinity of Six Geese Village, in the heart of the Mountains of the Aborigines. Shortly after we had settled down a trap which had been set not far away was sprung by a mountain porcupine. The bullet, fired by one of our party, entered the animal's back. In less than an hour after his capture, Mr. Porcupine was shorn of his armor and cleaned out. Next morning, for breakfast, we had a tasty dish of porcupine meat, which was quite a relief from our usual diet of wild fruit and rice.

— *Father Cyril V. Hirst,
of Philadelphia,
now in South China*

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Maryknoll

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MARYKNOLL BOOKSHELF
Maryknoll, N. Y.



The American Air Force brought hope as well as aid to war-stricken China

We Bailed Out

by LIEUTENANT JACK CLIFFORD

IT CERTAINLY is good to see a white man in Kwangtung — somebody who speaks the same language that we do. It's pretty rugged country in that part of China — plenty of mountains, and plenty of Hakka dialect, which for us airmen was even more difficult to surmount than the mountains.

We had left our B-24, shattered near Formosa, just shortly after we reached the coast of China. When we parachuted into the Chinese wilderness, we weren't at all sure whether friends or enemies would be waiting for us. Chinese patriots gathered seven of us together at the little village of Tetchang, but even then we were uncertain as to whether the natives were helping us or had intentions of taking us to the Japanese. It wasn't until the next morning, when Father Bogaard and Father O'Day arrived at the village, that we could breathe a sigh of relief and know that we were to be assisted by our own countrymen.

The two Maryknollers brought with them two more of our crew. Duff, the bombardier, was in pretty good shape; but Yeltow, our engineer, was in very poor condition. He had been badly hit by the flak from the enemy gun: most of the flesh had been torn from his right arm, and shrapnel had gone through his thigh. I don't think any of us had expected to see him alive again, when, doped with morphine, he dropped out of our plane two nights earlier.

I'm sure that, if it hadn't been for Father O'Day finding him, the day after he landed, and administering first aid, Yeltow would now be dead. When the priests brought him to Tetchang on a stretcher, his face was as white as paper, and he was bordering on delirium. There was still doubt as to whether he would pull through.

The priests realized that the injured man would have to have more complete

medical attention immediately. Father Bogaard told us that at Kaying, a Chinese town of about fifty thousand, northeast of Tetchang, there was a hospital run by two German doctors. Since a winding river runs through Tetchang and Kaying, the priests arranged passage for us on a sampan. Through the priests' influence, we secured, in addition to the three-man boat crew, an armed bodyguard and a cook (the cook was from the mandarin's household) to accompany us on the river journey.

At dawn that morning, we put Yeltow's stretcher under the boat's canopy, and the

Fr. Dempsey, M.M., contract chaplain

Chinese started to pole toward our next destination. Father O'Day's duties in the parish prevented him from accompanying us, but Father Bogaard came along to act as guide and interpreter. Needless to say, his presence was a great morale booster. He had spent over ten years in that particular part of the Orient and knew the language and locality completely.

When you can talk to people at length, and begin to appreciate their environment, you can't help but be surprised at the evidence of how much the human race has in common. The Chinese wish to know all about the United States — all about our customs — just as we are interested in the things we don't know. Everyone is looking for truth, to a greater or less extent.

Sleep on Hard Boards

I KNEW parts of China were primitive, but I didn't realize to what degree until I spent these days in the Hakka country. We air-men thought we had it rough at Kunming — but there we had mattresses to sleep on, and we were surrounded by people who talked the same language and were products of our own environment. The mission priests, in their isolated parishes, enter into the native life. They eat the same plain food, and sleep on the same hard boards that the natives do.

They not only have to adjust themselves to new circumstances, but — something even harder — they have to bring a new life to the Chinese, and bring it to them in terms they understand. Of course, in the twelve days I spent with the missionaries, I couldn't hope to appreciate more than a small part of the difficulties that confront the priests in China; but I did understand enough to become aware that a missionary life is one of the most arduous careers a man can undertake.

Yet there are few careers as valuable. I



have to laugh at people who say that foreign-mission service is ridiculous because there is so much paganism at home. If the Church neglected such a huge race as the Chinese, she would hardly be living up to her reputation as the one universal Church. So, by fighting paganism abroad, she is indirectly fighting paganism at home.

Then, too, most of our American pagans are such, not because of a lack of knowledge, but from a lack of will power. Missioners can only offer enlightenment; the real exercise of the will must come from the person himself.

Church Makes Effort

TRUE, everybody knows that the missionary work already done in foreign countries was not enough to prevent international conflict. But really, the total amount of missionary work done in the past has been very little. The missioners have been and are so few, the support they receive is so small, and the work they have to do is so tremendous — it is no wonder they have fallen far short of doing as much as they would like to do.

The world today needs every possible Christian. There are one hundred and thirty million people in the United States — to take one Christian country for example. All of them have been exposed to some extent to Christianity. There are, out of that number, probably fifty million who are real Christians; that is, Christians who believe in the same objective and true fundamentals and make a good effort to live up to them.

If we can find fifty million strong-willed people out of one hundred thirty million, I can't help wondering how many we could find out of a country like China, with four hundred and fifty million! Surely, the world needs all those men and women who are now just potentially Catholics. What

a shame it will be if we don't properly enlighten them with the teachings of real Christianity! At least, we could make a greater attempt to capture a greater portion of their hearts.

What a Church it is, that can inspire spirited men to forsake the comforts and luxuries of life in the United States, and come to this foreign wilderness, to fight a tough and almost thankless battle for what is decent and good!

Whenever we airmen went into battle, we knew we had the whole population of the Allied countries cheering us on; we knew there would be a satisfactory amount of appreciation waiting for us at home. But the Maryknoll missioners work hard, long year after year, doing a good that is infinitely better than what any airman could ever hope to accomplish — and yet how little all their good work is appreciated, even by good Catholics. It takes real men to undertake a job like their mission job, and see it through.

Thinking It Over

ON THE way back to the States, our crew were reliving our experiences with the Maryknollers. We were talking about what it takes to be a missioner. One of the boys, who is not a Catholic, and in fact always regarded himself as a materialist, summed the matter up for us about as follows:

"You know, it's easy to be brave when you think a lot of people will slap you on the back, or your superiors will give you a ribbon for it. But what makes those missioners brave — what makes them put up with all the stuff they do? Hardly anybody but themselves, and those Chinese they help, know what they really do. What do you suppose it is? I guess they must have something special — something out of this world!"

Off to the Seashore

by JAMES V. MANNING

IT HAS BEEN a long time since my last letter, because we have been kept very busy. The summer saw the establishment of our first seaside camps for poor children. Such camps are called "colonies" here. Our "colony" was at the beach in Constitution, about fifty miles from Talca.

We had three groups of campers, in succession. There were forty boys, for twenty days; then fifty-five girls, for fifteen days; and finally twenty workers, some with their families, for ten days. Fathers Smith, McNiff, and myself shared the responsibility of staying with the various groups.

Camp life was really tiring work for us; but for the children, it was almost heaven. For most of them, it provided their first vacation, first trip in train, first sight of the sea, and — most important of all — their first experience of real good meals over a sustained period. We managed to give excellent and abundant meals very cheaply because many people sent us products from their farms or ranches.

To the people in general, the whole thing was a revelation. The State and the Masons have been running vacation "colonies" for years, but this is the first time the Church has undertaken one. People were amazed, and they found it hard to believe

that priests were living with and playing with the children. One man was so impressed that, after having been away from the Church for thirty-three years, he returned to the sacraments. That, in itself, made the whole thing worthwhile. We missionaries are now "broke" and very tired, but completely contented.

A good friend of mine, an American business man, spent a week at the "colony" to help me out. The children were delighted with him, but he says the week left him completely exhausted. We all walked or played almost constantly, from early morning till late at night. Even then, the children were ready to keep going, but we elders knew when we were licked.

Plans for other lines of work, to be taken up this year, include, in addition to the already-established night school for workers, an afternoon school for their wives, a clinic, a playground, a new lunchroom for poor children, and a combination sports-club-and-trade-school for young boys after school hours.

The young boys are the group most in need of supervision and this program should keep everybody out of trouble. Meanwhile, there is also the regular parish work, and the mission trips to keep the Padres busy.



Happy? Sure! Father gave me a vacation!

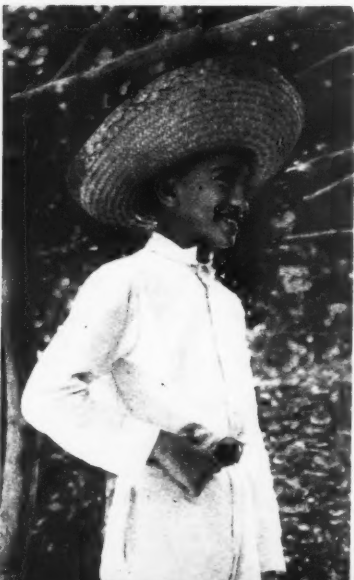
The Sombrero

by JOHN M. MARTIN

THE name "sombbrero" or "shade maker" suggests the primary purpose of the broad-brimmed hat of Latin America — headgear which originally was imported from Spain. The ranger, when riding against the morning sun, tilts his sombrero forward to shield his eyes. At noon he tips it sideways over one ear. And in the afternoon, with the sun behind him, he sets the hat like a white halo offset by crow-black hair.

Known from the plains of North America to the pampas of South America, the sombrero styles vary even in different parts of a single country. Some of these hats are made of straw, some of linen, and a few of leather. Many are decorated, with feathers or felt or metal.

Not the least, the smile it wreathes!



The sombrero ordinarily is made secure by an adjustable cord which passes around the back of the head above the ears. One never carries the sombrero in the hand. The arm is passed through the loop of cord, and the hat swung around behind the shoulder.

The sombrero has many more uses than are ordinarily imagined by city dwellers. Americans have heard much of the so-called ten-gallon headpieces and perhaps believe that carrying water is their only extra use. But the broad brim is useful for carrying vegetables or flowers. And the hats can be used as prayer rugs, too! Since there seldom are pews in Latin-American churches, one simply throws his sombrero on the rough stone floor and kneels on the wide brim.

As an umbrella, the sombrero is perfect. Latin-American rural folk have little regard for the real umbrella. They laughingly define it as "an article which enables two persons to get soaked." They point out that, unlike umbrellas, sombreros never are borrowed, never turn inside out, and always are at hand when the rain comes. It is surprising how dry a sombrero can keep one, but that is because it often extends for fifteen inches from edge to edge.

On the homeward walk after a swim in a deep, cool, mountain canyon, one can easily spread over the big hat the damp shirt which one has just washed, and let the scorching sun dry it. For fanning a slow fire or protecting embers from the wind, the sombrero is very useful. And it is valuable, too, as a pillow at night, when a tired muleteer stretches out to sleep by the roadside.

General Stilwell Recommends A Book—

From the Office of the Commanding General, at the Headquarters of the Tenth Army, General Joseph W. Stilwell wrote:



"HERE and there in China I have run across the Maryknoll Boys, and always met a ready welcome. They never asked me if I were Catholic, Protestant, or Buddhist, nor did they even hint that I would do well to give some attention to spiritual matters — a point on which I have always been vulnerable. They just tried to make me feel at home. So when one of them puts out a book, I know that, even if it is not a literary masterpiece, it will be written with a kindly outlook in a spirit of tolerance, it will stick to the truth, and it will not pull punches. The Maryknoll Boys live hard and work hard; they preach service, and they practice what they preach. They have been bombed, shelled, hunted, starved, killed — but in the process they have seen a lot of life, and they have kept their sense of humor and their grim determination to do their work. If you like people who have courage and live only for unselfish service to others, you will enjoy reading Father Tennien's book "

Joseph W. Stilwell,
General, U.S. Army

Chungking Listening Post BY MARK A. TENNIEN

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A Plan to Remember

by a New England Curate

ON MY WAY HOME from vacation, I thought of the high-school boys and girls who would soon be coming for weekly Christian Doctrine. Had I let those youngsters down? I had taught them apologetics, and had waxed eloquent on frequent Communion and on the Catholic Church. But most of them, I was sure, had never grasped the idea of the Church Catholic.

The solution seemed to be this: get them interested in the Church all over the world. A big order! I should have to begin with something specific -- say, some missioner.

Then I thought of just the man, a classmate of mine who had gone to Maryknoll and is now laboring in Bolivia. I knew him personally. I could tell the kids about him; how he looks; where he went to school; where his folks live; the kind of kid he was when he was their age. I would talk it over with the pastor, to see if I had a good idea or not.

From the pastor I found hearty co-operation, and together we outlined a plan.

Meetings would be held after the weekly doctrine class; attendance would be voluntary, and no one would be required to remain. The primary purpose would be spiritual activity: members would be asked to say one decade of the Rosary for the missions in general, and a second decade for our own Bolivia missioner, whom we were to adopt.

The second condition would be monthly Communion, on any Sunday the youngsters should choose. Again, their intention would be for the missions in general, and for our missioner in particular. This Communion requirement was the pastor's suggestion; and since both of us had been urging more frequent Communion, I felt we were doing something more than developing interest in the missions.

Then came the test. After my first weekly doctrine class, I told the young people of my plan to foster mission interest. "It is purely voluntary," I said. "No one is obliged to join. If you wish to be a

member, remain for the first meeting; if not, you are perfectly free to leave during the recess I am now declaring."

Not a youngster stirred. All wished to be in the mission society, so we elected officers at once.

Two developments of that meeting have since proved to have been inspired. They were:

(1) The resolution that each member hand in an unsigned spiritual report each month, showing the offering he or she had made for the missions.

(2) The suggestion that, in each month, a different member of the society write a letter to our missionary in Bolivia.

I am convinced that what is happening in our little parish can happen in every parish in America. Prospective vocations are always appearing, not only for the missions, but also for the Church at home. Besides, there seems to have grown in the hearts of these young people a desire to live closer to Christ. The Rosary and the frequent Communion have developed them.

Our kids are MISSIONERS! They see the Church with world-wide eyes. They understand more fully the desire of The Sacred Heart that all should be one. What I had planned for the purpose of making doctrine classes more interesting, has turned into a work of zeal in the hands of these young people.

May Our Lord completely capture their hearts for His Church in all the world!

If any young man wishes to become a Maryknoll missionary, he should pray to the Holy Ghost for light and guidance; choose a confessor and follow his advice; discuss the matter with his parents; then, for further information, write to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

Three-Minute Meditation

"Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature."—MARK XVI: 15

An American soldier, writing from the Solomons, paid a striking tribute to the far-reaching effects of missionary work done there a half century ago among the headhunting natives.

"Because a handful of heroic missionaries taught the natives Christianity," the soldier wrote, "the number of lives saved by their tireless efforts can't be estimated Wherever the far-flung American forces have landed, they have found dark-skinned natives with friendly welcome, succor, and protection; tiny mission stations with food, medical care, boundless hospitality; and a quality of faith that they have seldom met in Christian America."

Thousands of messages like the above have been sent back to America by servicemen, who are realizing for the first time how unfortunate it is that we in this country did not train and send out to the remote corners of the world many more ambassadors of Christ.

It is too late now to change the past. But we can change the future. We can see to it that at least a thousand missionaries shall be sent into the whole world from America.

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.

Maryknoll Want Ads.

Spiritual Food. The bread and wine used at Mass cost, at the average Maryknoll mission, \$30 a year. Will some friend help us buy them?

What Good Is a Baby? Who knows? He might become another Lincoln, a modern Saint Paul. But if he dies of hunger and sickness and neglect — as thousands of babies are dying in China today — we shall never learn. Could you give \$1 — \$5 — \$10 — or more, to help save China's children?



Lest We Forget. A memorial altar may be built for as little as \$100. It may bear the name of some loved one you wish to honor. Many mission churches need altars. Ask us for information about such memorials.

Maryknoll's Own Chapel, soon to be built . . . is now in the planning stage. We hope you will include a contribution toward it in your plans.

The Long Roads that stretch out from the Pando, in Bolivia, can be covered fast by motorcycle — if someone will finance the purchase. Local cost would be \$800, but it would multiply by five the usefulness of a priest in that area!

For a Dollar a Month, you can sponsor a Maryknoll missionary twelve days a year. You can feel that you share his work — that on those days you are beside him in his service to the ~~unfortunate~~ in far-off lands.

Incurable? Leprosy is, today. But who knows when a cure may be found? A short time ago, diabetes was incurable, and polio, and many another disease. Help us keep the Chinese lepers alive — give them their chance to get well! The gift of \$5 feeds a leper for a month.

"Thank you, Father," said the boy with the broken leg, as he was lifted into the cart to go to the hospital. "Don't thank me; thank the people who provided this kit," answered the missionary, pointing to his first-aid outfit, bought by a

thoughtful Maryknoll Member. Whatever good we do, you make possible! (First-aid kit, \$35.)

Stations of the Cross for a church in Bolivia will cost \$75. Father Bonner asks us to tell the Maryknoll Members how much his congregation would like to have Stations.

Refugees? Not long ago they were people like yourself; now they depend for life upon your generosity. Only \$1 feeds ten for a day. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy!

Vestments should be seemly. Some worn by our missionaries are becoming ragged and need to be replaced. Sets cost \$25 each. May we have help in buying five sets?

Ciboria for use in South America can be had for \$60. We hope for contributions.

MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS IN SOUTH AMERICA REQUEST

Father Homrocky, Guatemala:

Horse.....\$ 100

Father Kiernan, Peru:

Seminary additions.....\$2,000

Support for seminary (one year).....2,000

Catholic Action center.....500

Bishop Escalante, Bolivia:

Rectories (3), each.....\$1,000

Convent.....1,000

Jeep.....300

Father Bonner, Bolivia:

Boys' club; gymnasium.....\$1,500

Father Allie, Guatemala:

Chapels (3), each.....\$ 500

Father Flaherty, Bolivia:

Chapel equipment.....\$ 575

Father Koechel, Central America:

Horse.....\$ 100

Rectories (5), each.....500

Church reconstruction.....2,000

Buy War Bonds, Series F or G, in the name of Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc., and send them to Maryknoll as stringless gifts.





Dear Friends:

The Maryknoll missionaries have told me that they are able to help us Chinese because Maryknoll friends in America have supplied them with donations for the work. For Thanksgiving Day, I wish to say, "Thank you!"

Love,

JOSEPH

